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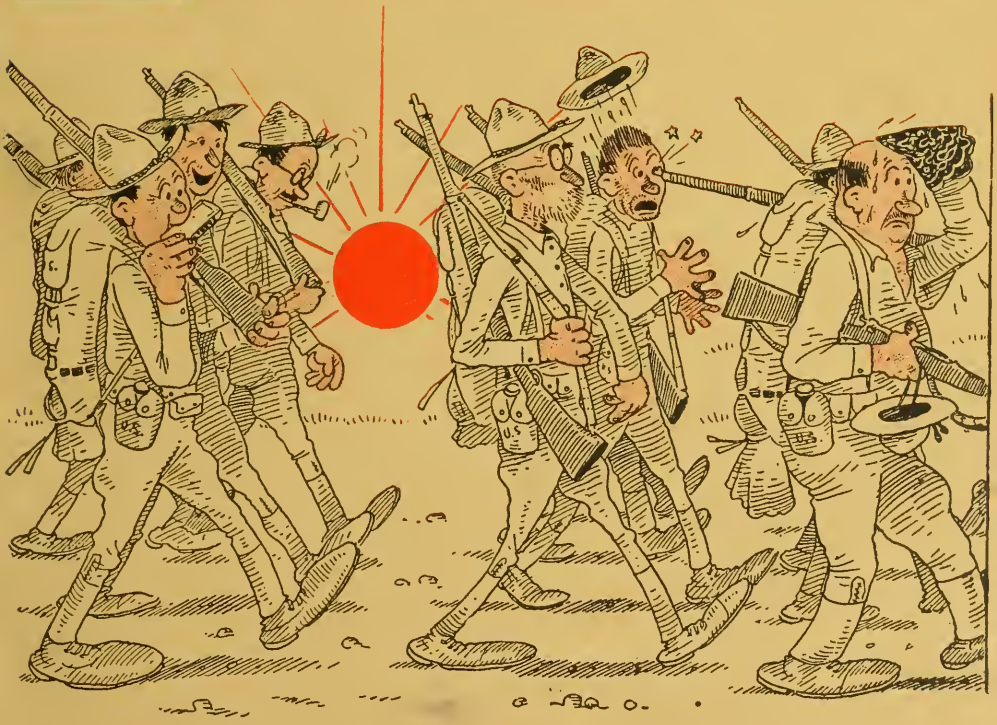
AINING for the TRENCHES



Cartoons by Alban B. Butler, Jr.

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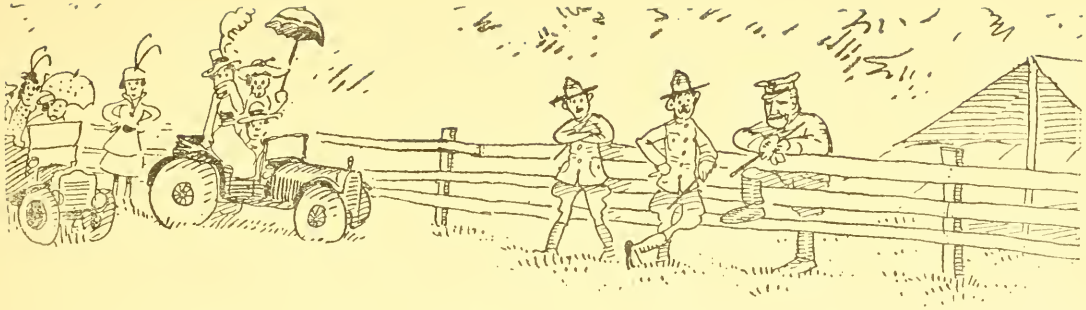

Training for the Trenches

A BOOK OF
HUMOROUS CARTOONS
ON A SERIOUS SUBJECT

By ALBAN B. BUTLER, Jr.

1917
PALMER PUBLISHING COMPANY
225 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

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FORWORD

THESE sketches record the observations of our artist at several of the camps where the future commanders of our armies are being evolved from the raw materials so abundantly supplied by the youth and chivalry of the nation. It has happened that the artist saw more of the humorous aspects of the training system than he did of the serious side of the work.

To the majority the seriousness of the work of preparation for war is all too apparent. Let these folks glance at the following cartoons and they will realize that preparation for war has its humor as well as its drudgery.

It takes true pluck and grit to endure the hardships depicted in these cartoons. This little book is dedicated to those who are now training—that they may take their places on the battle line of righteousness and justice and humanity.

JUN 15 1917

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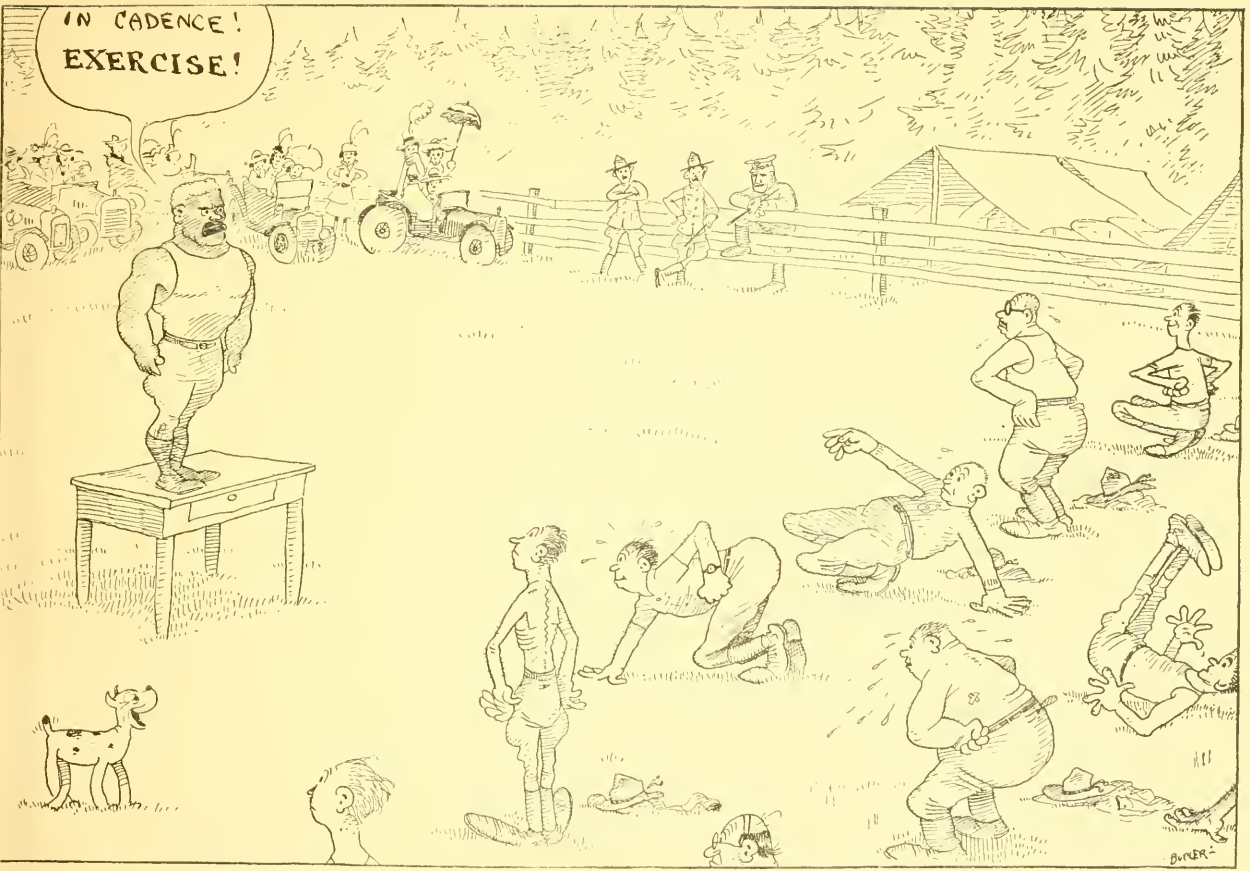
Little rays of heatness,
Little clouds of dust,
Make the man of meatness
Act like an automatic sprinkler system.

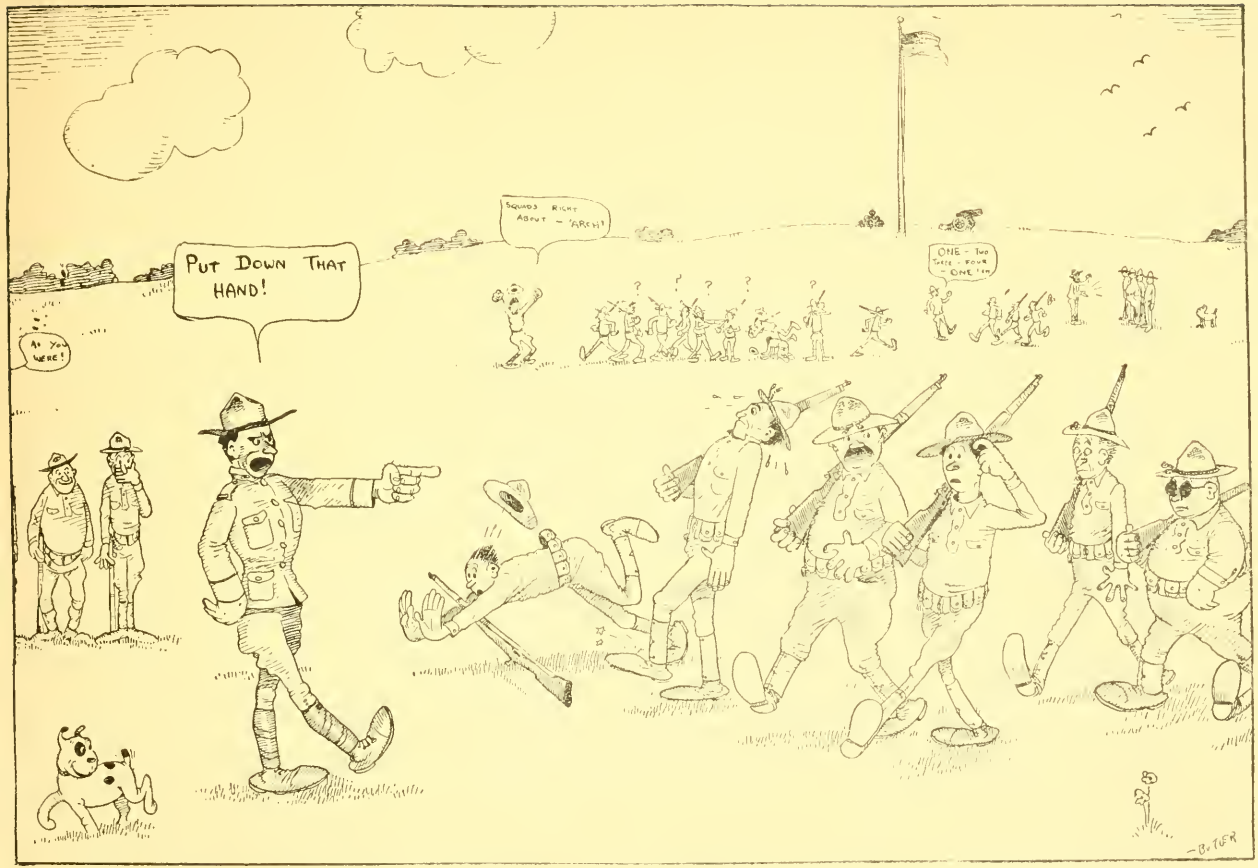
Little kits so lightsome,
Little hikes so hoofy,
Make a thirst seem rightsome
To the dog, whose name has no place in the sun.

Relates, among other interesting military matters, how serviceable a tent is in teaching the science of sk
ping the rope. Note the prostrate gentleman in the middle foreground. He is studying the effect of continu
frontal pressure on rear positions.

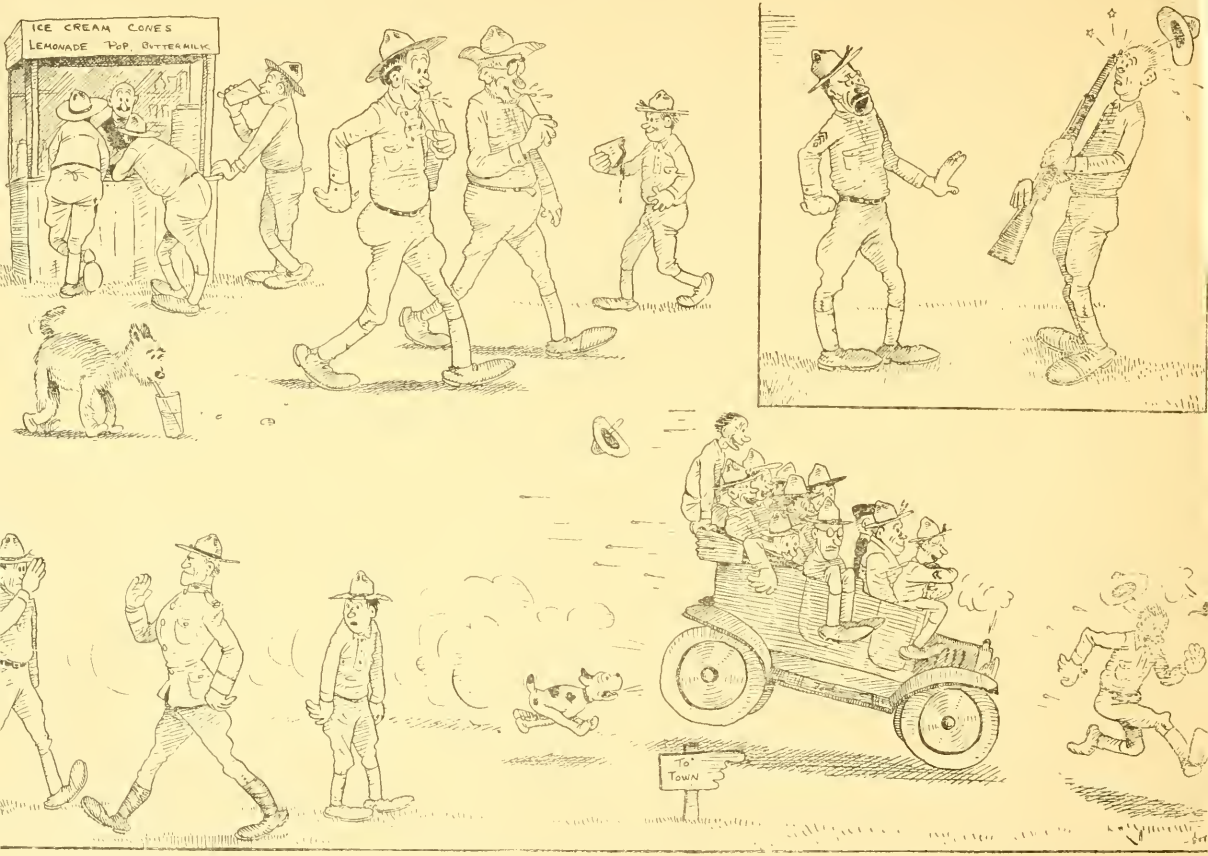


Exercising in cadence—and in public—brings joy and exhibitions of individual genius to the day's work. The earnest student with the feet, ribs and nose is trying to get up courage enough to tell Sandow to put on his insignia, as there are ladies present. The dog, who has lost his name, is not yawning. He is much pleased.

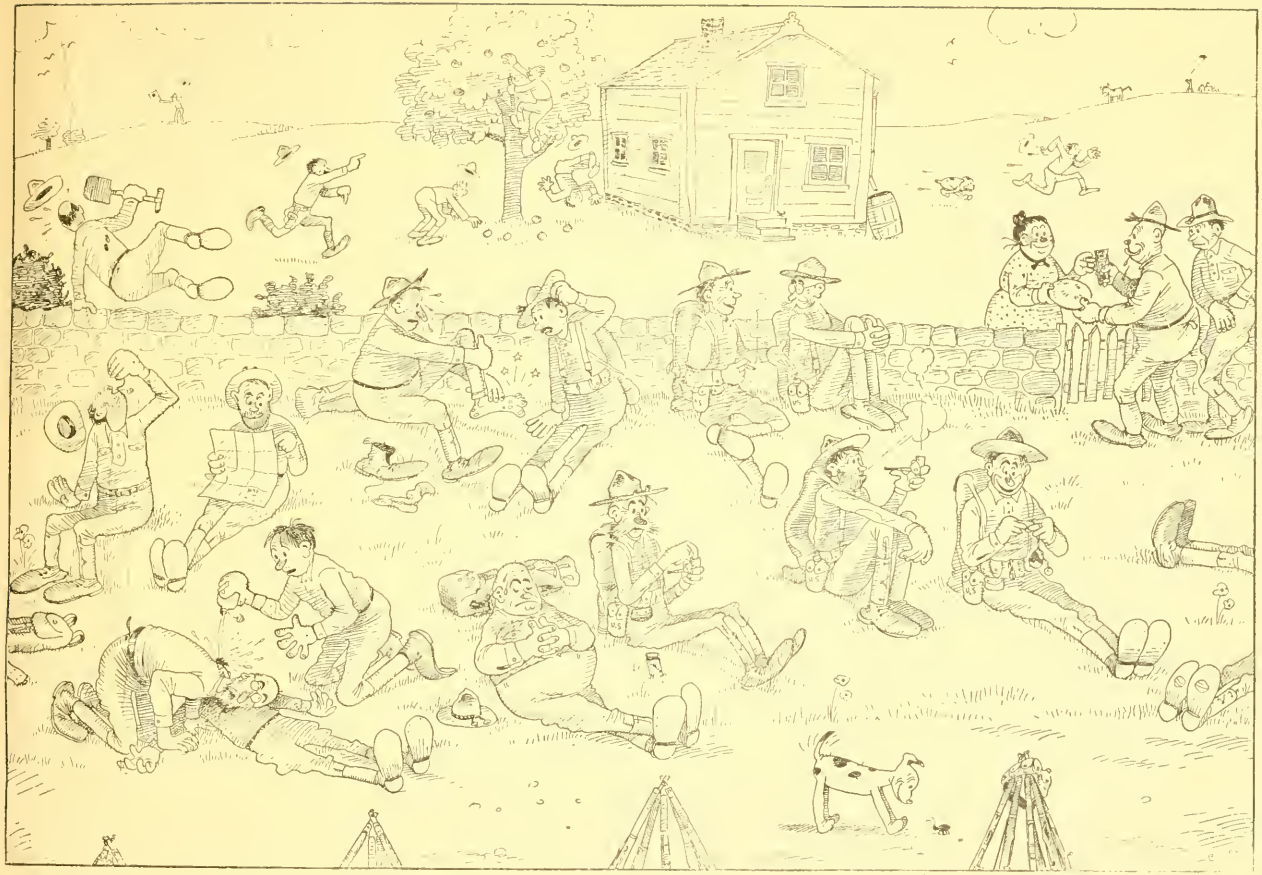
Foot Bath—Believe me, Nehemiah, the worst thing about war is that it fills you full of blisters.
Brush and Comb—Blisters! Where you got blisters?
Foot Bath—Where you suppose, you lobster-faced dude? On my feet—from marching.
And then the whistle blew.



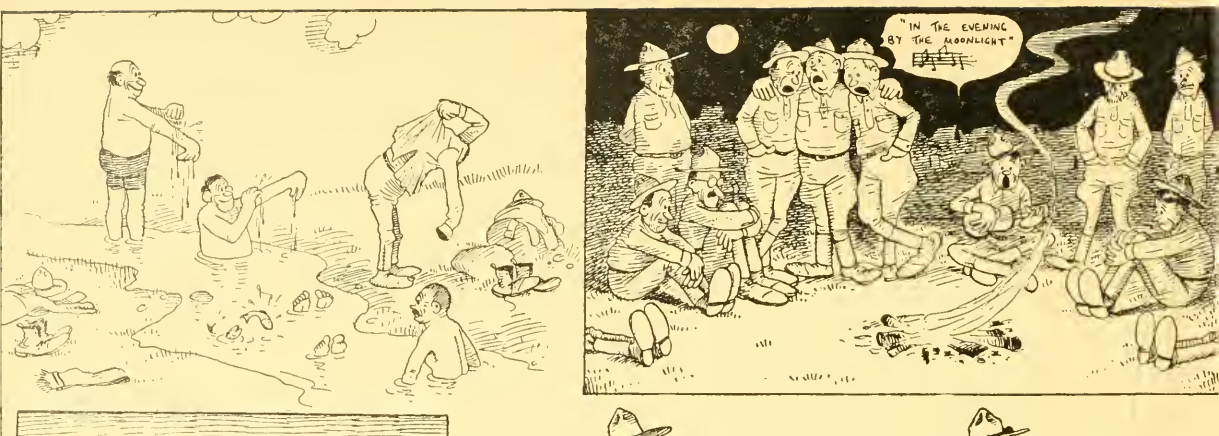
Why does the private scratch his head? Well, if it's any concern of yours, it's because he has just remembered that there was one little bill back home he could have omitted to pay if he had forgotten quickly enough. Mr. Pickwick, with the dark spectacles, is put in the picture to give it respectability, for the officer's words and the private's thoughts are really shocking. The dog, whose name is—but it isn't the same dog.



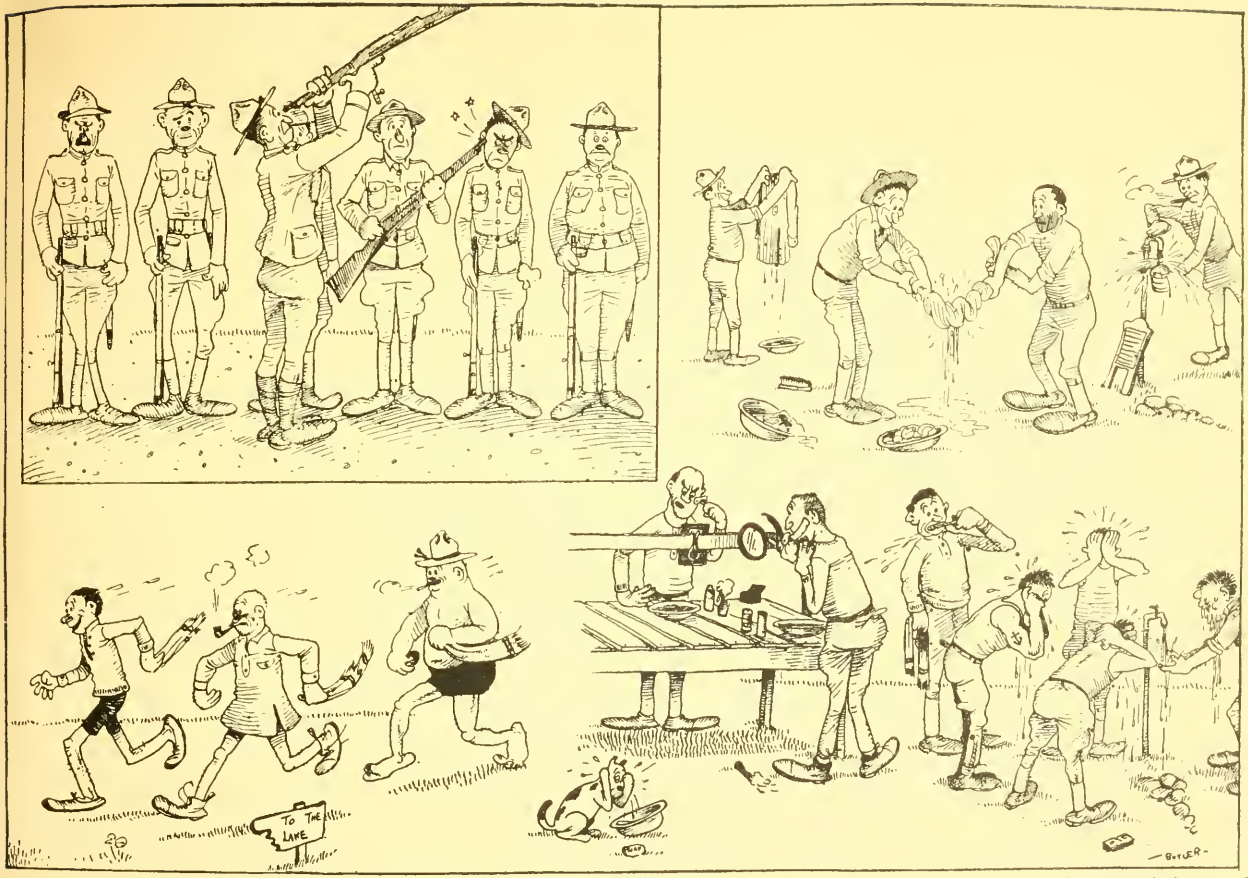
In the Northeast terrain is seen the effect of a strong wind on high angle musketry. Northwest: The brut ized soldiery are following their vicious pursuits. So is the dog, whose name is Oodles. Southeast: Hasteni reinforcements to the church sociable. The dog, whose name does not appear on the invoice, is challengi the flivver to battle. Southwest: "Do they shoot me at sunrise for forgetting to salute?"



First aid in the lower left-hand corner. One comrade is listening to the action of the patient's Ingersoll, while the other is applying mucilage to give him a stiff upper lip. No, that is not the dear old right-hand lady's visiting card. It's a pie. Further West, the plump one is asserting with heat: "Sure, that's a human foot". The dog, whose name doesn't matter, is exchanging confidences with one of his master's visitors.



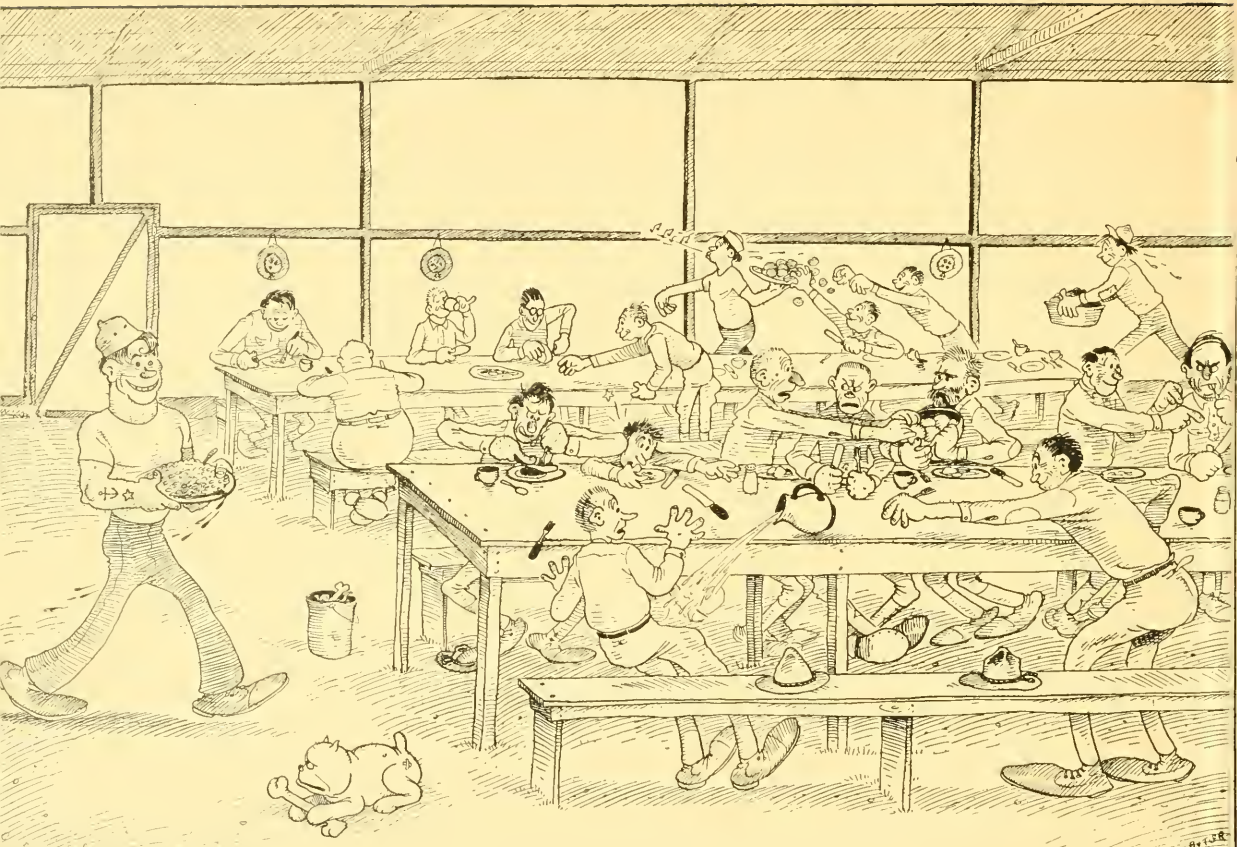
Upper left splash—Scene at the popular military resort Comeon Inn. Next—You can't judge music by the wa the singer wears his face. Step down to the left—Encouraging patriotism and utilizing the natural resource of the country. Dress by the right—Many a stern exterior goes with a kind heart and a great yearning t get out of tight boots.



All that is left of the upper—Immediately thereafter a memorable lecture is delivered on the unwisdom of using a rifle as storage for fountain pens and shoe laces. One pace to the right—"When I get back home I'll be a great help to Mother." Going down—Your country calls you to the old swimming hole. And then—A beauty parlor into which none but MEN ever come.

n the army elegance of table etiquette and refinement of embonpoint are insisted upon. The recruit is in-ucted that only when he is pressed for time may he eat with his fingers. He must not put on his fork more an he can, nor into his mouth a larger quantity than it will hold, and he may not eat oftener than he can his hands on food. The dog, whose name is his own business, is looking for the bill of fare.

Centre—"Great work. If the Kaiser is in Heaven, you certainly potted him that time." Left of the upper regions—Conflicting news from the firing line. Right—"No, no! Aim at the bull's eye, not the boob's lamp." Left of lower regions—"And that's just what I did and then he told me that as a soldier I was a great ballet dancer." Right—(1) The marksman assumes the firing position. (2) He abandons it.



One of the first lessons a soldier must absorb is how to load fast and full. The artist shows us with what eager zest our lads study this branch of military science. Here and there may also be observed a little practice in bomb throwing. The dog, whose name is Oodles, is debating whether he should eat the object or play a tune on it.

The Instructor—"Get me right, Egbert. That rifle isn't a hoe and the bullets aren't seeds, even if you have got a harrowing face. The dog, whose name has been deleted by the censor, is skirmishing in close order.

Left uppercut—Frightfulness uncovered by cook and captured. The dog, who may never have had a name, is making a speech. Right hook—Outsider: "Hey, you brass-nosed pill box, can't you see we're cleaning up?" Insider: "Well, you blushing chambermaids, ain't I helping you?" Lower left jab—Repelling an infantry attack. Right counter—Unresisting valor is shot by Beauty. And the dog's name is Oodles.

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